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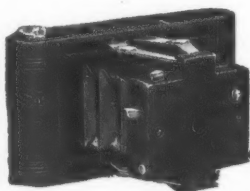
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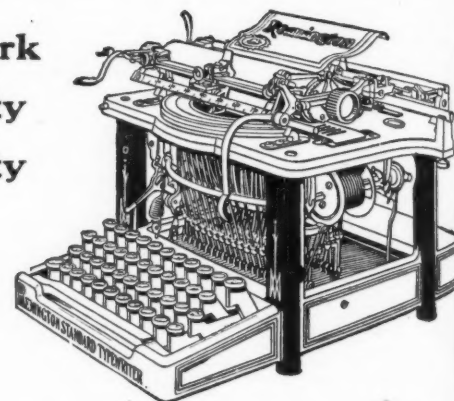
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LIFE



Naval Supremacy.



SOME pretend to say that naval supremacy is not in our line. But if not naval supremacy, what? The situation admits of no paltering.

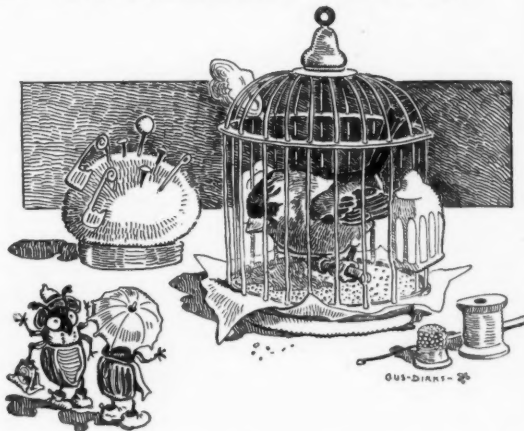
On the one hand, our infant industries will not stand for any reduction of taxation; they are just teething and need the money. On the other hand, river and harbor bills are more or less a broken reed; there is no telling when they won't be talked to death or vetoed. As for pensions, it is doubtful if the Grand Army of the Republic can be got to relieve the Treasury of more than one hundred and fifty millions per annum, at the outside.

Even with a general staff for the army, the surplus will look like anything rather than the thirty cents which financial authorities unite in declaring the only safe figure.

In all candor, is not naval supremacy about the only thing?

To be natural, however artificial the circumstances, is the perfection of good manners.

MAN is a mysterious being with a wistful longing for the transcendental and three meals a day.



Mr. Potato Bug: GEE, MANDY! I WISH WE'D BOUGHT SOME PEANUTS BEFORE WE CAME TO THIS ZOO.



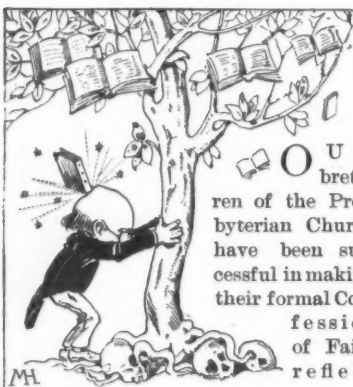
"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXIX. JUNE 5, 1902. No. 1023.
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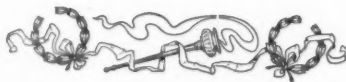
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O U R
brethren of the Presbyterian Church have been successful in making their formal Confession of Faith reflect some-

what more closely their personal views, and are to be congratulated on that achievement. It is understood that their Confession is no longer to suggest the damnation of infants or the prenatal election of a part of mankind to eternal punishment. Folks in general haven't believed in these eccentricities of opinion for several generations, and Presbyterians, being much like other folks, have, as a rule, regarded them with disinterested curiosity. An injurious reflection on the Pope, which is out of date in our day, has also been eliminated, and some other helpful changes have been made. It has been a good work, and done with unexpected unanimity. It is hard to get the news into a formal statement of doctrine. One of the principles that prejudice the consideration of such documents has always been that a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth. Nominally, the creed of a church is what its members believe. Actually, it is what some of its members think they believe. When it ceases to be even that,

and has come to include too much that a large majority of the members are sure they don't believe, then it is revised. Stated articles of belief never saved a soul nor softened a heart. They are chiefly useful for purposes of persecution. The great religious teachers seem never to have bothered to construct formal statements of doctrine. That seems to have been done, as a rule, by persons whose services to religion have been analogous to the services of the closet-naturalists to natural history.

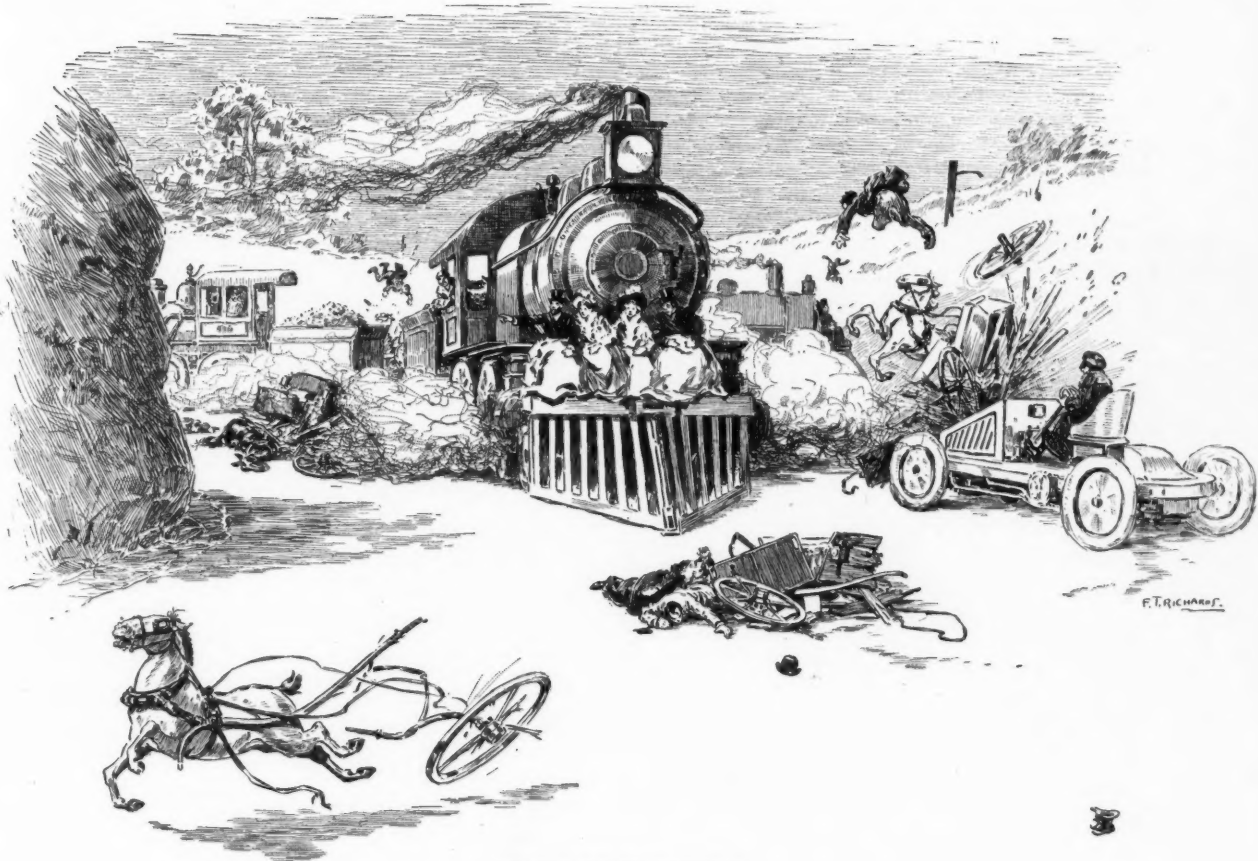


MR. GODKIN'S death was a piece of news rather than an event, because he had already passed out of active participation in the concerns of the day. It might well be wished that he had retired sooner from newspaper work and reserved a more effectual remnant of his strength for writing his reminiscences, and putting the records and impressions of his busy life within reach of readers. Unluckily there was not much work left in him when he left the *Evening Post*, and the fruits of his little term of leisure were by no means so abundant as could be wished. He was a notable critic, a delightful writer, a good man. In equipment, in skill, and in vigor, he was first among the American editorial writers of the last quarter of a century. As a leader of thought, especially of political thought, he lacked some feelings and some perceptions which were of high importance. That he loved this country and labored for its welfare cannot be doubted, but it seemed to be an acquired affection, not quite in the blood, and, therefore, not quite sure. It was as though he felt what he thought, rather than thought what he felt. Usually thought and feeling jointly bring us to our conclusions, but there are critical times when the heart inspires and rules the mind, tempering its judgments and making its labors more effective, because it makes them more sympathetic. So there were times when Mr. Godkin seemed to miss the filial inspirations that might have come to him if he had been born a son of our soil. Sometimes he thundered inharmonious for

lack of an inner voice to give him the key. But he certainly gave us what he had—his brains, his labor, his integrity; all driven by a steady, a relentless, purpose to make events conform to his sense of what was right. When we say that he would have been a more useful man if he had been differently constituted in this or that particular, we say no more than will in due time be said of each of us if we are worth it.



THERE is something affecting in the confidence shown by the German Emperor in his strenuous brother who lives in the White House in Washington. He seems to feel that at last he has found an American ruler who is, in sundry important particulars, in his own class; whom he can understand, and by whom he will always be understood. Our President and the Emperor have many good and notable qualities in common. The likeness between them is obvious and has often been remarked. The difference between them, due to race, environment and training, is comprehensive and radical, but it gets less notice. There is much that might be said about the Emperor's projected gift to the United States of a statue of his eminent ancestor, Frederick the Great, in memory of his brother Henry's visit to this country. If the Emperor's offer had been submitted to Congress more might have been said about it than was either necessary or expedient. There is no doubt about the spirit in which the gift has been proffered, and though there is no precedent for setting up an effigy of a king on our Republican soil, the President has done well to accept the Emperor's gift and indicate a fit site for it to occupy. The site, at the arsenal in Washington, has been chosen with excellent discretion. The great Frederick, planted hard by the new War College, will pose, not as a king, but as a general; and will stand, a permanent witness to German friendliness, American hospitality, and the delicacy and practical value of the American sense of humor.



THE NEXT STEP IN AUTOMOBILES.

Treatment.



ONCE on a time there was a man who lived to eat, until he was in a pitiable condition and sought medical advice.

The man was quite confident at first, but when the doctors had removed about all his viscera, and still he was no better, he lost heart.

"Of course I'm doomed!" he exclaimed, dejectedly. "It's a cinch!

I've nothing else to cut out!"

The doctors were nettled at this.

"How silly you talk!" said they, severely. "Our treatment hitherto has been merely diagnostic, and in no sense therapeutic. We are now in a position to decide that what is indicated for your case is the

green searchlight with buff trimmings. But we cannot cure you unless you remain cheerful. A mental incubus will set at naught the best medical skill."

The man acknowledged the justice of the rebuke and took fresh courage.

The Merchant and the Hotel.

THERE was once a merchant living in a hot and dusty city, who received a cool and fragrant circular from a summer hotel, setting forth its advantages in glowing terms, with beautiful pictures of all the buildings. The man, being of a confiding turn of mind, telegraphed for rooms, and followed immediately with his entire family. The first thing he noticed upon his arrival was that the hotel corresponded exactly with the pictures on the circular, except that, if possible, it was even more beautiful. Upon being shown to his rooms, he discovered that they were cool and inviting, with superb beds, and without a trace of a fly or mosquito. Later on, when he took his family into the dining-room, he was

amazed to find that the vegetables were not canned, the meats were fresh, the fruit was not wilted, and the milk and cream were real. And to cap the climax, when he had been at the hotel a week, he made the remarkable discovery that no one expected a tip.

MORAL.

This shows us the great power of the imagination.

Maxim (Guns) of the Philippines.

BENEVOLENT assimilation consists in shooting the father to educate the son.

Better a living Funston than a dead Lawton.

A tarnished honor is better than an overheated conscience.

The Constitution follows the flag—it has to—it can't catch up.

A good Samar (itan) is a dead one.

War is Hell. Don't let the fire go out.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

ANOTHER summer is at hand, and LIFE is to have his hands full of children—so to speak—and he calls upon his friends to help him. Your dollars, Reader, are what we want. The more dollars the more children. The Farm opens June 15.

Following is a statement of the Fund to date:

Balance.....	\$3,667.80
Sept. 27. Glaucus.....	5.00
Nov. 26. F. Smidt.....	5.00
Dec. 21. Miss Crosman.....	5.00
27. Ellis Ross Miles, Oakland, Cal.	10 00
Jan. 23. Wm. Schmurz.....	5 00
Feb. 13. Miss Crosman.....	6 00
April 19. Miss Crosman.....	.35
19. May Jamieson.....	5 00
19. Mr. Trumbull Cary.....	3 77
21. Thos. Smidt.....	5.62
May 8. Berkshire Athletic Club.....	7.81
8. Miss Crosman.....	.25
8. E. Caldwell.....	25 00
10. Two classes of school boys...	1.50
19. Pettie Buck, Huskie, The	
Brat and Cinders.....	50 00
19. B. M.....	4 60
	\$3,807.16

Kindness.

KINDNESS sometimes wins dogs and horses, but its efficacy to win men is more than doubtful. For example, the kindness which we have used to win the Filipinos "has," writes General Bell, "been interpreted by many as an evidence of weakness and fear, and, puffed up by a childish and ignorant conceit over what they are pleased to call successful resistance to our power, the people have become so arrogant that they look down upon our Government and scorn its kindest efforts at pacification."

Candidly, what shall be thought of a people who will permit childish and ignorant conceits to lead them into mistaking the invasion of their country by a nation undeniably Anglo-Saxon, for anything but a kindly effort at pacification?

We have thrown our kindness away; the water used in water-curing those people is no better than wasted.

Not What He Meant.

MRS. DIMPLETON (*the proud mother*): Now, Mr. Tutter, I shan't expect you to say anything about the baby. I know it isn't always easy for a bachelor to express himself.

TUTTER: You are more than kind. I was just wondering what I could possibly say.



The Son of a Fiddler, by Jennette Lee, is an extremely pretty story. The hero is a musician, reared among New England farm folks like a duckling in a setting of chicks, and with much the same result. The ending is a little too good to be true, but it is all a charming bit of idealism. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

None but the Brave—, by Hamblen Sear, is a stereotyped romance of the American Revolution, dealing with the treachery of Benedict Arnold and his attempted capture by the patriots. George Washington, Major André, a beautiful Tory and the hero with the usual desire to put his exploits on paper figure in its pages. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, Charles Major's new book, is a romance of the days of Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots. Dorothy is a feminine whirlwind, very attractive to her audience if somewhat disconcerting to her victims, and the story, even in these days when romance has become a drug, makes good reading. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Magic Wheel, by John Strange Winter, tells an unbelievable story of the solving of a mystery by recourse to the various spiritualists, card readers and second-sight experts of London, aided by the heroine's lucky acquaintance with a Duke. It is apparently intended to be taken as a study of the occult, but it reads very like a pot-boiler. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.25.)

Mark Twain takes a shy at Dr. Conan Doyle in *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story*. It is an amusing little skit, in which the great Sherlock Holmes at last meets his match in a Western mining village. It might have been called *The*

Hound of the Stillmans. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

The chief merit of *Daniel Everton, a Romance of the Philippines*, by Israel Putnam, is that it gives a very just and very clear idea of life in the Eastern tropics. Otherwise the book is rather ordinary, but makes good light reading. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.20.)

Notes for Hunting-Men, by Captain Cortland Gordon Mackenzie, is a little volume of practical advice upon the care and management of horses. Although written for English sportsmen it will, doubtless, be useful to the local pursuers of the aniseed bag. (Longmans, Green and Company.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

IN next week's LIFE, in place of the usual notices of the latest books will appear "LIFE's Guide to Summer Reading," being a list of the most readable books published during the last year.

The Why of It.

WAR is a nasty business.

The Philippine war is a nasty case of this nasty business.

The capture of Aguinaldo is a nasty incident of this nasty case of a nasty business.

That is why Funston comes home without setting any rivers on fire, and without being once spoken of as a Presidential candidate.

IN every man there are two men—the man of this age, and the man of the Stone Age.



BUSINESS.

The Wolf: WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY MUDDYING THE WATER?

The Lamb: CAN I SELL YOU ONE OF MY PATENT EUREKA FILTERS?



"MAMMA, THE LADIES OF KING CHARLES'S COURT WERE MORE 'DRESSY' THAN WE, I THINK."

"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO, DEAR?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, YOU ARE IN FULL DRESS, BUT IN THAT PORTRAIT THE LADY IS *much* FULLER."

Reputation.



A MAN'S reputation is his dearest possession, yet the only reality it has is when it exists in the minds of others. The moment he attempts to create it for himself his ownership in it ceases, and it is common property. He does not know that he has it until he loses it, and when he loses it, he loses something that others have had, without their knowing that they had it.

Its health and vigor depend on how hard he works for it, yet when created it is never what he hoped it would be, but always something different. The only time he is really conscious of it is when he hasn't got it, and when he has it other people are unconscious of owning it, invariably speaking of it as something that belongs to him exclusively, though if it did belong to him exclusively he would not have it.

Though it does not exist before a man's birth, it is almost sure to flourish more and be greatly improved after his death. Strange as it may seem, some men do not have it until after they die. While not willing to create it for themselves during their lifetime, they leave the task for others, and though undeserving, have it thrust upon them when they do not need it.

When a man has it, he never knows just what it is, for those who hold it would not tell him the exact truth even if he asked them. And if he displayed too much curiosity about it he would injure it, though it be always something that he can never know the exact nature of. Indeed, if he should ask about it, no one would be able to tell him, because the person he asks did not make it himself, but received it from some one else, and even then he does not own it himself, but only a part, and the part of it that he owns may differ in

many details from the parts owned by others.

The man himself, conscious that he possesses something of priceless value that he has spent years, maybe, in working for, is yet unable to ascertain what it is, and finds that other people know no more than himself. It would seem as if this were due to the fact that his reputation is not the sole possession of any other single individual, but is jointly held by an aggregate of individuals. Yet when this aggregate of individuals, who jointly hold and are primarily responsible for it, get together after his death and try to define it, they never get it right, but always something different from what it is. And the proof of this is, that if each one were asked separately, and should give his honest opinion, he would immediately declare it to be something wholly different from what he agreed it was when he was with the others. It is never what it seems to be, and it never seems to be what it is.

Tom Masson.

The Water-Cure Treatment.

THERE has been so much complaint about the way in which the water-cure treatment has been administered in the Philippines, that LIFE has been at pains to get information from competent medical authority as to how the thing really ought to be done. Dr. Thompson says in his work on Dietetics:

A medium-sized esophageal tube should be selected, about one-third of an inch in diameter, having two or three large, smooth eyes or "velvet" fenestra, and made of good, smooth red rubber, which is sufficiently flexible, without being so easily bent as to allow the tube to double upon itself in its passage. This tube should be fully fifteen inches long, and it is attached to a length of three feet of common rubber tubing by means of a small glass tube; the other extremity of the rubber tubing is fastened to a funnel through which warm water is poured into the stomach. The patient is cautioned to keep the head straight forward and thrown back and *not to bite the operator's finger*. Water can be poured in gently to the extent of a quart, or until the patient complains of uncomfortable fullness in the stomach. Care should be taken not to admit bubbles.

If the Secretary of War will cause these simple directions to be put in the form of General Orders, and forwarded to General Chaffee, further scandal may be averted and the cure may go on with less discomfort both to operators and patients.

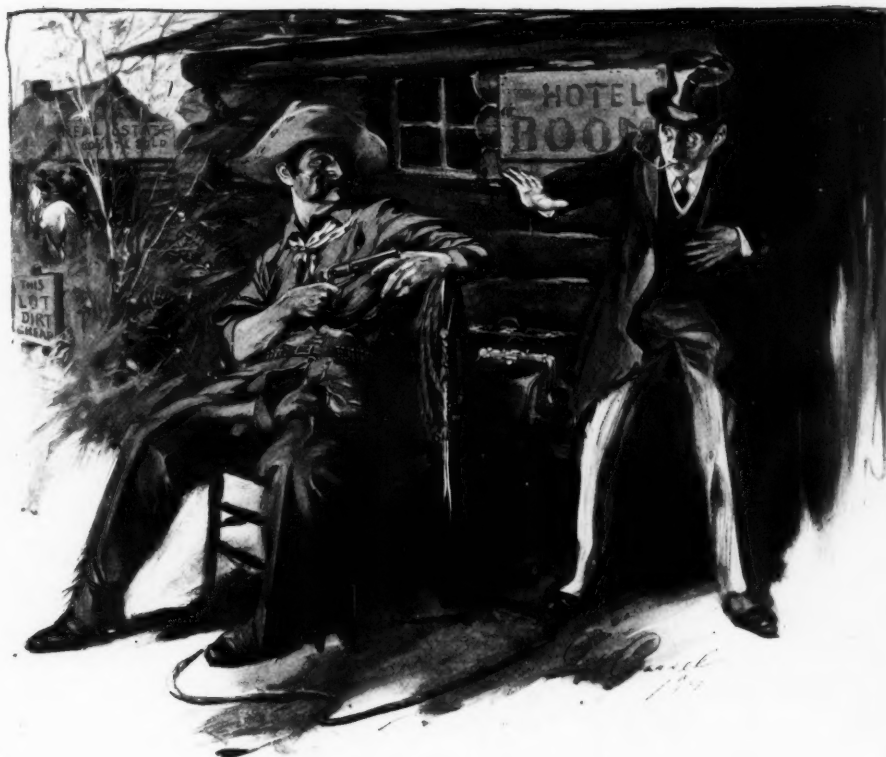
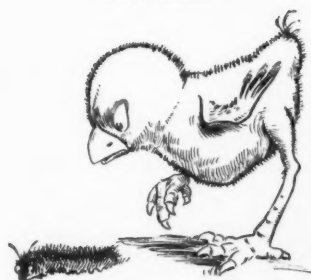
ACTION is thought with its coat off.



BABYLONIAN.

"HUSBAND, HUSBAND, WHAT DO YOU MEAN? YOU'VE HIT MAMMA WITH THE MORNING PAPER!"
"IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR. I'M MERELY BREAKING THE NEWS TO MOTHER."

A FLY WORM.



THE MAKING OF A CITIZEN.

"NO, YOU AIN'T OFF FOR NEW YORK! WE'RE BOOMIN' THIS TOWN, AND WE TAKE A LOT OF PRIDE IN SAYIN' THAT THEM THAT COMES HERE, STAYS. SO YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CHOICE BETWEEN BEING AN ACTIVE CITIZEN OR A DEAD ONE."

Kickers' Column.

I AM ashamed of you, LIFE. You pretend to stand for truth, fair play and good manners. And yet, in your "Prognostications in the Case of Miss Stone," you have uttered some mean lies about a class of persons, most of whom are of the highest character and most unselfish aims, for no other reason than that you do not approve of their enterprise. And when called down in good form and temper, instead of making the *amende honorable*, or a decent defence, you turn again and rend those who write to you, very much after the manner of a certain animal commonly supposed to have no appreciation of pearls.

You seem to have a plentiful supply of kind feeling for the poor Filipinos; see if you cannot manufacture a little for the poor missionaries.

You have acted in this matter like a self-righteous, foolish and ill-mannered little hypocrite, and you owe a large number of your best friends confession and amendment of LIFE.

W. R. Taylor.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 8, 1902.

Although evil communications corrupt good manners, a soft answer turneth away wrath, and LIFE feels compelled to reply to this courteous epistle from a

Christian gentleman. It is not often that LIFE is called a hog and a hypocrite simultaneously, but following the teachings of the meek and lowly missionaries, it is quite willing to turn the other cheek to be smitten by Miss Stone's amiable champion. Its only defence is that "The Prognostications in the Case of Miss Stone," which were made before that lady returned to America, have without exception proved true. LIFE's view of missionary work also seems to be confirmed by our correspondent when he speaks of it as an "enterprise."

In the "Prognostications" LIFE suggested that the civilizing and sanctifying work of the missionaries might better begin at home. In Rochester, for instance.

"HE has had an interesting career, hasn't he?"

"Well, rather. He has been through two fortunes, three wives and a sanitarium."



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THE AMBITIOUS MOTHER AND OBLIGING



MOTHER AND ELIGING CLERGYMAN.



In Retrospect.



ANOTHER season gone and nothing to mark it except a little further progress on the downward path by the American stage. It is difficult to determine the exact cause or causes for this decline. To be sure, commercialism is in control, and the gang which has dramatic art by the throat has no thought for anything save the money profit in the business.

But even with the Syndicate in almost absolute control, it would have to give the public better art if the public demanded it. There is a saving remnant of theatre-goers which declines to go to the theatres except on those exceptional occasions when they feel sure that it is worth their while. Unfortunately, these discriminating persons are so few in number that the managers look upon them as a negligible quantity and pay no attention

to them in providing entertainments. There is another larger section of the public which knows that it is witnessing stage art of inferior quality, but goes to see it and pays for it rather than not go at all. But the Syndicate lives and has its being through the crass, indiscriminating multitude which knows not the good and seemingly prefers the bad.

NO one can say that the American public is either frivolous-minded or unintelligent. We are certainly less frivolous than the French and not so dense as the English, yet neither of these peoples would endure in their best theatres the standard of acting and production which prevails here. The Frenchman is surely as fond of amusement as the American, and the Englishman is not far behind, but with all their eagerness to be amused, they insist that art and art traditions shall have some consideration. French audiences would be quick to discover violations of artistic canons which here pass unnoticed, and English audiences would thoroughly "boo" some of the incompetents whom the powers that be entrust with important parts on the American stage.

SOME of the dramatic performances of the year have been good from any point of view, but they have not been those which have met with the greatest popular success and patronage. Miss Crosman, to be sure, accomplished almost a miracle in keeping a Shakespearian comedy on the stage for a long run and to paying

houses, but this was largely due to her personal popularity and to the fact that it was comedy and played excellently in the comedy spirit. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who in her line is the greatest of English-speaking actresses, also made money, but her shrewd managers were careful to so divide her time that her art was given to the public in homeopathic doses. Mr. Sothorn's "If I Were King" was also an artistic production which was well supported, but, like Miss Crosman, Mr. Sothorn has a strong personal following and it is very doubtful if even so good a play as Mr. McCarthy's, equally well done, would have drawn with a less potent name than Mr. Sothorn's as the magnet.



THOROUGHLY characteristic of New York's inability to appreciate on its own account anything artistic was the failure, from the popular point of view, of Mr. Frank Keenan's "The Hon. John Grigsby." The play was an interesting and well-constructed one, dealing truly with American life at a most picturesque period of American history. Mr. Keenan gave a finished and impressive performance of the leading part, but metropolitan (?) New York would have none of him, but drove him back to the provinces where there yet remains a little regard for things which are not meretricious. If Mr. Keenan had been artistic enough to introduce a vocal sextette of pretty girls or a rag-time chorus with lime-light accompaniment, the result might have been different. The same may be said of Mr. Otis Skinner's scholarly and effective production of "Francesca da Rimini."



MANAGERS have been busy making stars, but some of them were not properly manufactured and may not stick in the theatrical firmament. Stoddart, Warfield and Edison may hold their places, while the others have had their moment of brilliancy and then vanished into the darkness of extinct planets. Of the season's great successes only one—Mr. Belasco's and Mrs. Carter's "Du Barry"—has been of American production. This was done so impressively and with such stunning force that it appealed to all kinds and conditions of people. "The Girl and the Judge," to be sure, is American, and was excellently presented, but the smallness of the now departed Lyceum Theatre had much to do with its long run. From England we have had three of the greatest successes, Sir Henry Irving and his company in a highly prosperous season, Mr. Charles Hawtrey in his curious "Message from Mars," and that gorgeous medley of scene, costume, music and fun, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast."



NOTHING else in the year stands out with pre-eminent distinction. We have had the usual miscellaneous assortment of polite comedies, dramatizations of popular novels, musical pieces and rural depictions, but nothing which is destined to go down to posterity as evidence of the American dramatic productiveness of our day. Nor is the immediate future promising. It may be that Mrs. Fiske and Miss Crosman may do things next season which will raise the general average, but the present outlook is not encouraging.

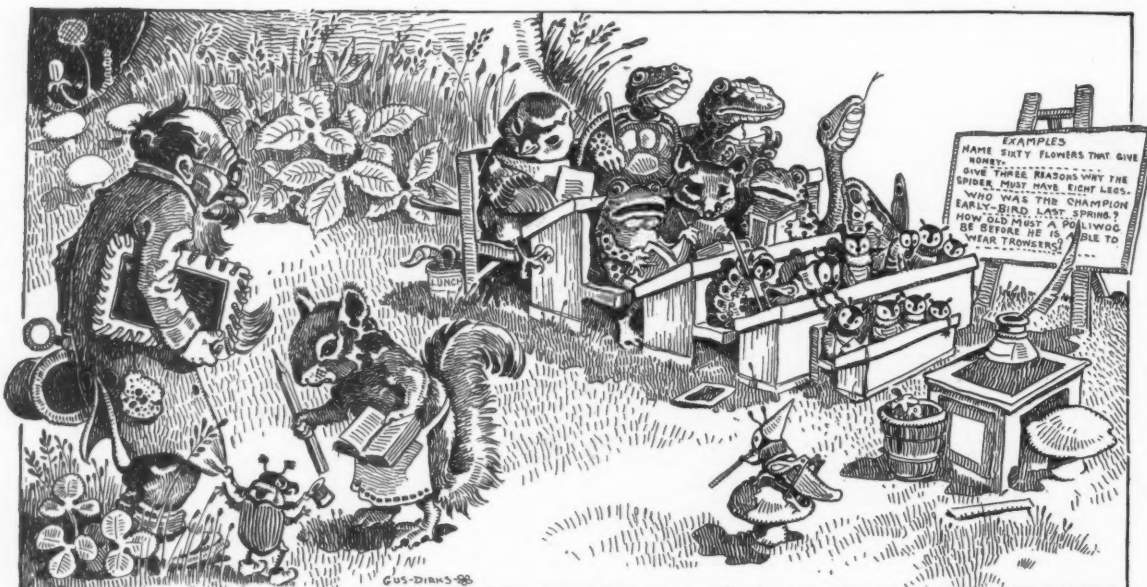
Amusement, and apparently amusement without art, is what the American public seems to want, and, until it educates its own artistic sense, is probably all that it will get.

Metcalfe.



THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.

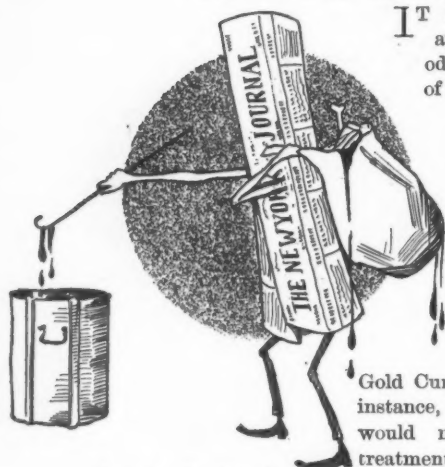
"AND MUCH IT GRIEVED MY HEART TO THINK WHAT MAN HAS MADE OF MAN."—Wordsworth.



THE NATURALIST'S DREAM.

Mr. Beetle: HOW DO YOU DO, MISS SQUIRREL? THIS IS PROFESSOR GRUBHAUSER, WHO WANTS TO JOIN YOUR NATURAL HISTORY CLASS.

First Aid to the Injured.



IT seems a pity that among the many methods offered to the weak of our generation for the undoing of bad habits and the counteracting of the consequent physical ills, the intellectual backsliders of the day should be left to shift for themselves. If nicotine and alcohol go down before No-tobac and the

Gold Cure, who shall say, for instance, that the novel habit would not yield to proper treatment? Will no philan-

thropic alienist give us an effective literary antiseptic, a yellow-journal antitoxin, or a French novel germicide? Meanwhile we suggest a few handy remedies which we have found efficacious in emergencies.

Cases of New York Journal Jaundice, exhibiting a marked contempt for facts and the gradual development of a yellow streak, may be arrested, if taken very early, by homeopathic treatment. Dose: Fifteen minutes of day-before-yesterday's paper immediately after breakfast.

Intellectual dyspepsia, following overindulgence in spiced French entrées and Russian translations, requires careful treatment. A low diet is often recommended, such

as *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *Once a Week*. We prefer a few months among the Literary Mountains.

Historical Romantimania is generally regarded as harmless. It is apt to become chronic, however, if neglected. A case will seldom resist a few doses of the dramatized versions.

One grain of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" and one grain of toothache, dissolved in a teaspoonful of common sense, make a good lotion for mental astigmatism due to Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health."

Narrow Escape.

AN eighty-ton automobile, going about one hundred miles an hour, collided with a party of school children on foot near the corner of Eight Hundred and Twenty-Sixth Street and Seven Hundred and Forty-ninth Avenue yesterday afternoon.

The machine was thrown out of gear by the shock and the chauffeur narrowly escaped being recognized. Spectators of the affair are loud in their praise of his presence of mind and dexterity.

Rules for Summer Resorts.

ENGAGEMENTS made on these premises are not binding after two weeks.

Married men without their wives will please conceal their identity.

Terms: Whatever the cash you have.

Chaperons will not be permitted on the beach after 8:30 P. M.

Guests preparing to leave should notify the head waiter and all the bell boys twenty-four hours in advance.

Fabulous Fables.

IN THE LAND OF THE OUGHT-TO-BE.

THIS happened on Pussy Avenue, Catland. Catland is a beautiful country, peopled by cats—Persian and Maltese, Manx and tiger—every kind of a cat that you can think of was there, and all living in good style, in brownstone fronts.

Mrs. Spitz and Mrs. Purr-Purr met and passed the time of day.

"When are you going away for the summer?" said Mrs. Purr-Purr.

"In a week," said Mrs. Spitz. "By the way, what are you going to do with your pet man?"

"Leave him to shift for himself, of course. I can't be bothered with animals when I have so much else to attend to. I'll drive him out of the cellar and let him loose on the world. It owes him a living anyway. You have a pet woman, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Spitz, "and I presume I shall do the same thing by her. She came to my house unsolicited, anyway, and I can't be bothered looking after her. Well, I'll meet you at the Pussywillow Ocean House."

The poor pet man and the forlorn pet woman, who had hitherto sat by the fireside and blinked and had their three square meals a day, now had to roam the back fences and live on garbage—when they could get it, but as nearly everyone was away, even this wasn't easy. Daily their condition grew worse. They were jeered at by all the kittens in the neighborhood, who from their nursery windows ate their porridge unceasingly, while the old bachelor cats threw bootjacks and torpedoes at them nightly.

And then, in the fall, wasted to skeletons, bare in spots where the hardest knocks had come, wretched, starving, they crept unrecognized back to the houses that had once known them, as Mrs. Purr-Purr and Mrs. Spitz, radiant from their summer vacations, came up their respective steps.

"Get out of here!" exclaimed Mrs. Purr-Purr. "How I hate those stray men!"

"Go away!" cried Mrs. Spitz. "Scat! What a horrid woman!"

MORAL.

This would seem to imply that cats have no feelings, but it's only a fable, you know.

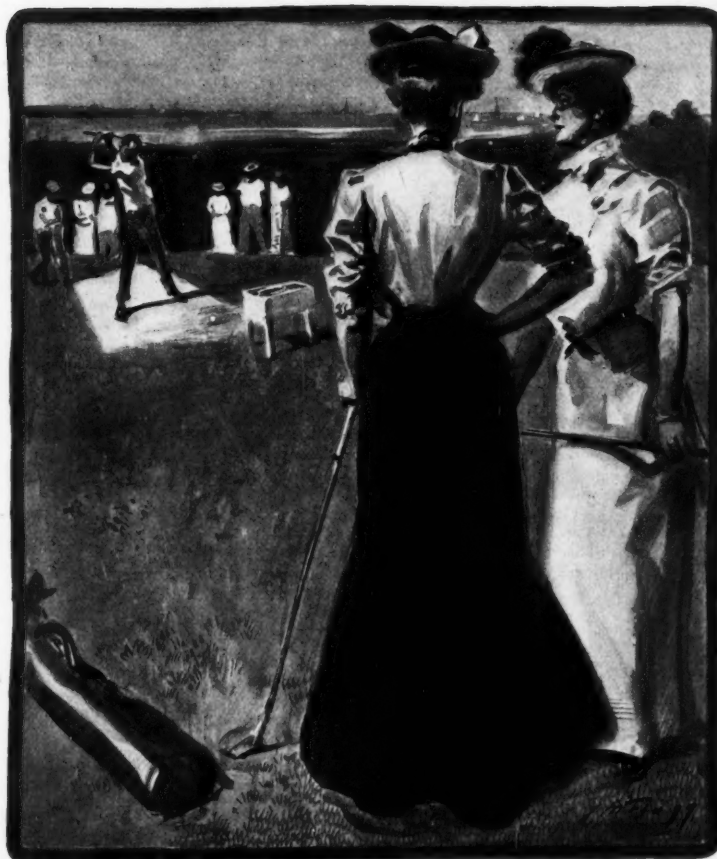
Tom Masson.

Her System.

HE: Mrs. Wise seems to understand how to manage her husband pretty well.

SHE: Yes. She lets him have her own way in everything.

THE Devil never goes out on strike.

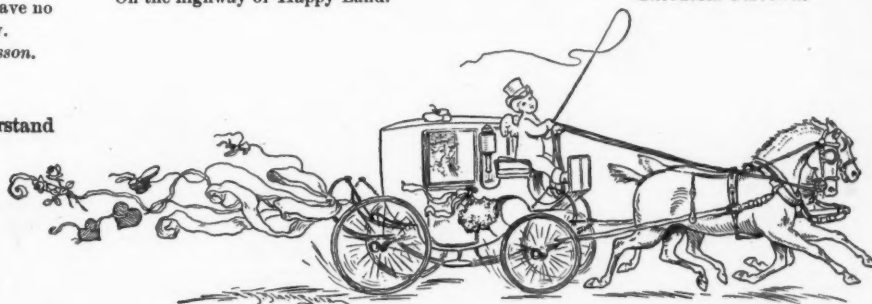


"YOUNG DE WEAKLING IS SUCH A DELICATE-LOOKING FELLOW TO BE PLAYING GOLF!"
"YES, BUT THEN, YOU KNOW, HE ONLY USES 'PING-PONG' BALLS!"

A June Song.

AND it's Oh, for the month of June
When the world swings close to the
moon,
And a man and a maiden fleet
To the goal where the pathways meet
Down the road of the Heart's desire
Where never a one may tire
Till hand hath been closed in hand
On the highway of Happy Land.

And it's Oh, for the month of June
That is timed to an organ tune.
When the blush of the rose's grace
Is caught from the young bride's face.
When the world is a golden thing
Clasped round in a wedding ring
And a man and a maiden stand
On the highway of Happy Land.
Theodosia Garrison.



• LIFE •



A PATRIOT.

Of't have I heard him bitterly
Denounce his nation's foes;
He sings, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee,"
And mourns o'er all her woes;
He hates the office-holder who
Betrays his sacred trust;
To him his country's course is true,
Her aims are always just.

Upon his splendid walls I see
A lofty flag-pole rise,
And there the banner of the free
In proud abandon flies;
His broad estates spread far about,
And he has gold in stacks—
He spends much time in working out
New ways to dodge his tax.

—S. E. Kiser in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

A DISTINGUISHED Episcopal clergyman was once called on to officiate at a fashionable summer resort church, and, finding only a short surplice and no cassock in the vestry was very much disturbed at the thought of having to appear in a vesture that to the frivolous would look like a white shirt and trousers. But a happy inspiration came to him. Why not wear one of his wife's black petticoats? The portion that would show below the surplice would look exactly like the regulation cassock, and no one would ever be the

wiser. So he hurriedly sent one of the ushers with an explanatory note to his wife in the hotel, and in the nick of time the petticoat arrived. The makeshift turned out to be a perfect success, and no one at a distance could tell that he was not wearing a cassock. After the close of the service he decided to go out to the body of the church without taking off his robes, in order to greet some friends. And he was soon the centre of a group of fashionable women, when a green Irish maid from the hotel came up, and in a loud voice said to him:

"Yer Riverence, the missus sint me afther her petticoat that ye do be wearin', and I was to wait till ye take it off."

—*New York Tribune*.

His Majesty Edward VII. is credited with the saying that it is vastly easier to live up to the obligations of a play king than to those of a real one; and the same thought, with a slightly different turn, was once expressed by President Lincoln. In 1862, says a writer in the *Kansas City Journal*, Colonel Alexander of Topeka, who was an intimate friend of the President, visited him at Washington, and found him in a greatly depressed state of mind.

"This being President isn't all it is cracked up to be, is it, Mr. Lincoln?" inquired Colonel Alexander.

"No," said Lincoln, his eyes twinkling momentarily. "I feel sometimes like the Irishman, who, after being ridden on a rail, said, 'Begorry, if it wasn't for the honor av th' thing, I'd rather walk!'" —*Exchange*.

WHEN William E. Chandler was Secretary of the Navy, he issued an order that officers should not permit their wives to reside at the foreign stations to which their husbands were attached. The order was promptly rescinded upon the receipt by the Secretary of the following from Commodore Fyffe, in command of the Asiatic squadron:

"It becomes my painful duty to report that my wife, Eliza Fyffe, has, in disobedience to my orders, and in the face of regulations of the department, taken up her residence on the station, and persistently refused to leave."

—*Argonaut*.

A good story is told of an Irishman, more patriotic than clever, who enlisted in one of the smart cavalry regiments. The fencing instructor had experienced rather a difficult job in the matter of explaining to him the various ways of using the sword. "Now," he said, "how would you use the sword if your opponent feinted?"

"Bedad," said Pat, with gleaming eyes, "I'd just tickle him with the point to see if he was shamming."

—*St. James's Gazette*.

WHILE Admiral Dewey was in command of the Asiatic squadron, he purchased a large quantity of much-needed coal without previously consulting the Navy Department. When this became known in Washington, an official sent him this curt dispatch:

"Why did you buy so much coal?"

The admiral replied:

"Bradford, Chief of Bureau of Equipment, Washington: To burn. DEWEY." —*Argonaut*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

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On account of the Imperial Council, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, at San Francisco, Cal., June 10 to 14, 1902, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to San Francisco or Los Angeles from all stations on its lines, from May 26 to June 7, inclusive, at greatly reduced rates. These tickets will be good for return passage within sixty days from date of sale when executed by Joint Agent at Los Angeles or San Francisco and payment of fifty cents made for this service. For specific rates apply to Ticket Agents.

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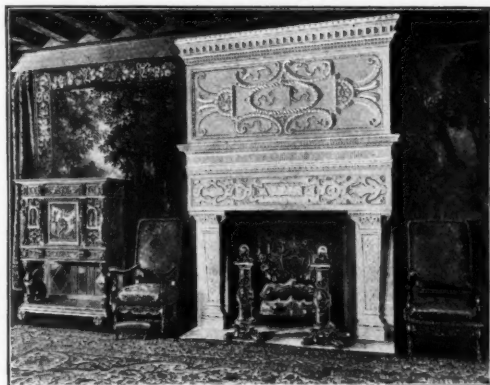
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W. & J. Sloane

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to play the piano, the Regina
plays music for dancing or out-
of-door amusements. The
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and never refuses a request for an encore.

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GEO. FROST CO., Makers,
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THE "VELVET GRIP" PATENT HAS BEEN
SUSTAINED BY THE U. S. CIRCUIT COURT



LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner
Watching his chips mount high.
He sat awhile grinning,
Then said: "Ha! I'm winning,
What a wizard at poker am I."—*Yale Record*.

"WHY, Willie," said his teacher, "what makes your hair so red?"
"Aw, I just had scarlet fever and it settled in me head."
—*The Widow*.

\$50.00 TO CALIFORNIA AND RETURN
from Chicago via Chicago and North-Western, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific Railways. Round trip tickets on sale May 27th to June 8th. The "Overland Limited" provides the best of everything. Compartment observation cars; buffet library cars (with barber and bath); dining cars. Corresponding rates from other points. All agents sell tickets via this route.

SENATOR MASON of Illinois was recently asked if he thought that Senator Morgan's reputation of being the longest-winded speaker in the United States Senate was founded on fact. The Illinoisan replied:

"I am not certain that senatorial courtesy will permit me to answer that question; and, being a candidate for reelection, I will dodge it. But this I will say: I once asked Senator Morgan how long he could talk on a subject he didn't know anything about, and he replied:

"If I didn't know anything at all about it I don't think I could talk more than three days about it!"
—*Argonaut*.

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.

This fashionable resort is famed for the health-giving properties of its air. Tennis and golf. Fine hotels.

"THE assessor hasn't listed your property at one-tenth of what it is worth? Then why don't you increase your assessment voluntarily?"

"I did that last year, and everybody said I was making a grand-stand play for popularity."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A CERTAIN literary critic in quest of expert opinions wherewith to build him a lordly symposium, sent out broadcast a set of queries, of which one was: "Is the prospect that the sale of books will be larger or smaller this year than last year?"

From a prominent New York publisher he got this brief and golden opinion: "The prospect is that the good books will sell better, and the bad ones worse."—*Argonaut*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

Commonwealth Avenue. Electric Lights. New and most approved plumbing.

"WHAT's yer daddy a-doin' these days?"

"Well, when he ain't a-fishin' he's a-lyin' roun', an' when he's a-fishin' he's a-lyin' an' how!"

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

It is told of a learned professor, who was better at Greek than golf, that after a round on the links, in which he had fozzled most of his shots, he turned to his caddie for advice as to improving his play. The reply of the ruthless caddie was:

"Ye see, sir, it's easy to teach laddies Latin and Greek, but it needs a head for gowff."—*Tiv-Bits*.

If you are a "bon vivant," drink the best Champagne on the market, *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry*.

"WHAT's that sound of running water out there, Willie?"

"It's only us boys, ma. We've been tryin' the Filly-piny water cure on Bobbie Snow and now we're pouring him out."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Ask your Doctor

about the good of beer.

He will confirm what we tell you—

That barley-malt is a half-digested food, as good as food can be.

That hops are an excellent tonic.

That the little alcohol in beer—only 3½%—is an aid to digestion.

That he prescribes beer for the weak.

But Purity is Essential

But he will tell you that beer, being a saccharine product, must be protected from germs, and must be brewed in absolute cleanliness.

That it should be cooled in filtered air.

That the beer itself should be filtered.

And, as an extreme precaution, every bottle should be sterilized.

He'll say, too, that age is important, for age brings perfect fermentation. Without it, beer ferments on the stomach, causing biliousness.

When he tells you that he has practically prescribed Schlitz.

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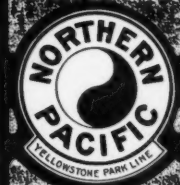
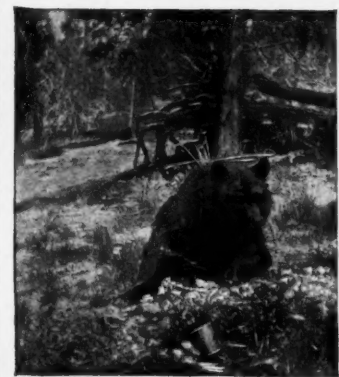
LONDON	1862	LONDON	1886
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The *YELLOWSTONE PARK* chapter in *"WONDERLAND 1902"* has a section devoted to animal life there. Send Six cents for it; 25 cents for "Yellowstone National Park"; 50 cents for "Wild Flowers from the Yellowstone."

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THE CANDID LITTLE BOY.

Don't want to be no angel,
With wings, an' other trimmin';
Rather have a holiday
Fishin', or a-swimmin'!
Rather be off yonder,
Singin' in the sun—
Don't want to be no angel
Till I can't help bein' one!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A STORY that might be true of purchasing agents in more than one city is told by the *Brooklyn Eagle*. One need not question its verity too closely, for it has enough of humor to make it worth retelling.

A physician on the city health commission ordered five pounds of sponges. In the course of time he received two sponges that together weighed less than a pound. Later he received a voucher for him to sign in order that the contractor might get his pay from the city. The physician refused to sign it.

"Why won't you sign?" asked the contractor.

"Because the order calls for five pounds, and the sponges you sent me don't weigh more than five ounces."

"Nonsense, man! I weighed them myself."

"So did I. If you don't believe my figures, there are the sponges. Weigh them yourself."

"What!" cried the contractor, looking at the shrunken sponges. "You don't mean to say you weighed them dry?"

—Exchange.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The C. A. Nichols Co., of Springfield, Mass., publishers of "Larned's History for Ready Reference," have recently issued the last and crowning volume of that invaluable and exhaustive work.

The entire work is in six volumes, and has been subject to revision and enlargement which makes more attractive and valuable than ever a work which from the first has had no peer, and in fact no competitor. This last volume takes up history where the five preceding volumes leave off, i. e., 1895, and not as a "year book," but as a six-year book, brings it down through most eventful history of recent years to and into the current century. And the best of it all is that it is history as given in the exact language of the best historians, biographers, and specialists, so arranged that it is a pleasure to read, and no trouble to find at once what the best of historians say, enabling one thus to become acquainted, not only with history, but with history and historians. Even a hasty survey of its pages reveals a wealth of material, any part of which might easily cost a student days or months of research if it were not here at hand to be found in a moment.

In the middle of the night Mrs. Carter smelled gas. She had a habit of smelling and hearing things at hours when most people are peacefully asleep, so when she shook her husband and tried to wake him to the present danger, he suspected that it was the same old story, and refused to come out of his dreams.

Finally Mrs. Carter herself crept downstairs to investigate. Returning with great excitement, she shook her husband vigorously.

"What's the matter?" he murmured, sleepily.

"John, there's a leak in the gas-pipe in the kitchen. If it isn't fixed we shall all be asphyxiated."

"Um m! 'Sphyxiated?"

"Yes, hurry!"

"Leaking much now?"

"Not much, but it's dangerous. John, you're going to sleep again! Go down and fix it."

"Oh, put a bucket under it and come to bed!"

—Baltimore Sun.

A LADY in a Sunday-school has a class of small boys. Not long ago, after the lesson was over, as was her custom, she began to tell them something about God. This time she chose the power of God as her theme. She told how he "turned the water into wine, opened the eyes of the blind, made the lame to walk," and many other miracles illustrative of God's power.

One little boy said, "I know something God can't do."

His teacher said, "Why, that is wonderful. What is it? I cannot conceive of anything that God cannot do."

The little boy replied, "He can't make a three-year-old colt in one day."—Philadelphia Times.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"





"Our Country—
To her we drink, for her we pray,
Our voices silent never;
For her we'll fight, come what come may,
The Stars and Stripes forever!"

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by time,
not artificially.

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The uniform quality and excellence of construction of
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men and women will see and appreciate the difference made to their shoes if they keep them when not in use on **LEADAM'S SHOE TREES**. It is economy. Wet shoes dry in shape. The sole is flattened; the leverage does it and holds it. You need never force your feet into curled up shoes again. Do not accept hinged lasts or other substitutes. Ask your dealer for them by name, which is on every pair. For men and women, \$1.00 a pair. Illustrated booklet on "The Care of Shoes" free. Money returned if not satisfactory.

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WHEN TREES ARE USED DAILY.

LIFE.

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The select brand of
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The uniform excellence of our cigars
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for the Official and Royal Banquets
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Don't be prejudiced against bottled cock-
tails until you have tried the Club brand.
No better ingredients can be bought than
those used in their mixing. The older they
grow the better they are, and will keep per-
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Have you considered it? Seven kinds. All
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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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THE FOOT-EASE TRADE-MARK SUSTAINED.

Justice Laughlin, in Supreme Court, Buffalo, has ordered
a permanent injunction, with costs, and a full accounting of
sales, to issue against Paul B. Hudson, the manufacturer of
the foot powder called "Dr. Clark's Foot Powder," and also
against a retail dealer of Brooklyn, restraining them from
making or selling the Dr. Clark's Foot Powder, which is
declared, in the decision of the Court, an imitation and in-
fringement of "FOOT-EASE," the powder to shake into
your shoes, now so largely advertised and sold all over the
country. Allen S. Olmsted, of Le Roy, N. Y., is the owner
of the trade-mark "FOOT-EASE."

Similar suits will be brought against others who are now
infringing on the FOOT-EASE trade-mark and common
law rights.

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TALCUM
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Chafing and **Sunburn**, and all affec-
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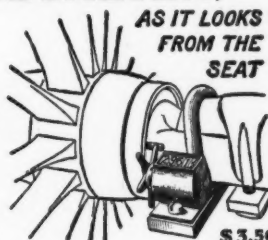
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"BUT I DO; BECAUSE I AM NEARER THEM, PERHAPS."—*Journal Amusant.*

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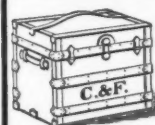
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